

KAUR Prints Broadcast

(Editor's note: Since KAUR the campus radio station has not begun to operate yet, the Mirror has decided to print the KAUR broadcasts. Here is the first in a series of one.)

Ken. Good morning friends, this is your rapid radio reporter, Ken Spills bringing you the early boreing before breakfast addition of the news. Our first item for today is the week's menu.

Monday—Beef Roast
Tuesday—Roast Beef
Wednesday—Beef
Thursday—Roast
Friday—Beefies
Saturday—Hot Beef Sandwich
Sunday—Beef Stew

Now on to the KAUR request list. First off we have:
Lutefish and Lefse Else Shelp
Where Should I Begin Student Rights Committee
Bridge Over Troubled Waters Maintenance Department
Let It Be Social Education Committee
We've Only Just Begun Student Rights Committee
Knock Three Times Ima Narc
Do It Webs
Is That All There Is Student Rights Committee

Next we have the special feature for which you all have been waiting. Mes Liller, Augustana's favorite admission counselor, is going to give us his special jumbo giant 15c bubblegum tour of the campus. Take it away Mes.

Mes. Thanks, Ken, baby, I think we'll start our tour by going first to the building we affectionately call Camelot. This is where King Charles and his vice presidents of the table go round and round.

Moving inside we come first to the office of my boss, Merry Helmsitter. Hi Merry.

Over there is the office of Kill Tomian, filled with bar bells and other weightlifting equipment. If you look closely you can see Mr. Tomain doing his sit-ups right now. As you know Kill is in charge of development.

The next building we will visit is the Gymitorium-Chapelnauseum, more appropriately called "Jock Haven."

Well here is Guy Jockstrap now. Tell us, Guy, what makes a Jock, anyway.

Guy. J is for the joint that keeps us going,
O is for the overwhelming intelligence we have.
C is for the smoke rings that we're blowing, (you do spell
smoke with a "c", don't you?)
K is for kill, kill, kill.

Mes. Thanks loads, Guy. If you will look to the north you will see another point of interest. There is the place where Rear Admiral Kruse has his crew. His motto hangs above his desk: Get your ship together.

Proceeding on, we come to the Student Bunion also known as the common buildings. The man with the first full of dollars is Mr. Trick from the Rookstore. Over to the right is Bob Moron director of the common at the Postal Disservice window.

No, the young gentlemen on the bench are not the boys in the Band.

Next I would like to take you into the game room, but unfortunately it is busy at the moment. Willy Macaroni has been challenged to a foosball match.

Through the window you can see the new inhumanities building. Spitnasel has rendered another historic replica, this time of Bastille. The building will be dedicated July 14 and we are hoping to avoid a storm.

That concludes our fine tour. We hope that if our listeners are not already loyal Augie supporters, that they will soon become committed to this institution.

Ken. One final question, Mes. Is it true that all former ASA presidents become admission counsellors? There a rumor that Ole Gregson



The Simonized Rubber Man demonstrates his unique meditating position in the ASA office.

NOTICE: Any one wishing to apply for a position in the Augustana maintenance department can pick up an application in the boiler room. The present department is leaving Augustana en masse after being drafted by the Army Corps of Engineers. The Army was particularly impressed by the fine bridge build between Solberg and the Commons and the department's snow removal work. The community is sure to miss such fine men.

NOTICE: The Augustana library of lewd literature new hours will be: Monday-Friday, 3:30 a.m. to 4:41 a.m., Saturday 5:30 a.m. to 3:30 a.m., and Sundays all day.

Playing at the Informal Sprang will be Twiggy Extrovert.

Storm Council hands down decision

The Storm Council, commonly called Terry's Terrors, in an historic 6-4 decision, has ruled favorably for the defendants in the now legendary S.D. Chickens v. Bergsaker Fourth civil liberties case. Presiding guest justice, Col. Harlan Sanders, entertained the court with dinner following the announcement of the verdict.



Keener at work as Huddle-sitter.

The hamburger that ate Sioux Falls

And it came to pass one evening, in a Huddle garbage can, that life was born. Given the right combination of catsup, mustard and kitty litter, an Augustana Huddle hamburger began to stir. In an hour it had grown to the size of a coffee pot, in two hours, the hamburger which shall be named Margaret for obvious reasons and for convenience had reached the phenomenal size of a chair.

How surprised and horrified were the Augustana populus to discover a forty pound hamburger roaming the campus the next morning. Margaret was not particularly a vicious hamburger, in fact she was rather friendly. Surrounded by a

of the normally apathetic student body, she grew on.

By the end of the day, the shocked campus occupants had retreated to their rooms. Not even the sight of a tree-size hamburger could long excite them. The next morning saw Margaret, who had nestled(?) under a nearby Redwood, the unheard of proportion of the Commons. Soon, she was a

walking menace, stomping everything in her path quite flat.

In desperation, the Augustana sciences were called into actions. A sneak attack was staged to steal a portion of Margarets hide for analysis. No solutions were found however. Margaret, in the mean time had found that the substance which gave her life existed all over Sioux Falls, not to mention the surrounding countryside, so off she went on a rampage through the downtown area and then headed on out toward Iowa to discover America. She was soon back at Augie however since her life-giving essence was concentrated most heavily in this spot.

Soon, a reward was offered for the person who could destroy the unwieldy hamburger. As it happened, Abnoman H. Grid and company were passing through town at the time. Hearing of the phenomena, Abnoman trucked on over to the college and remarked to a passerby that possibly Margaret really dug all the apathy in the area. A light



dawned, and after carefully conducted tests, it was discovered that this was most definitely true. A call went out for any one who cared, cared about anything be it drugs, sex, booze, their mother, their country, whatever.

Margaret was cornered between the smashed remnants of Bergsaker and Gilbert Science Center, surrounded by volunteers who sat around and cared about the things they cared about until Margaret died a slow death and dissolved into the swamp. Take heed, all ye who have heard this tale, for it could happen again, the conditions that precipitated Margaret's rise, still exist.



Ham Jonery is interviewed by a local TV announcer and former Augie student during the ASA convention.



THAT'S ALL FOLKS!

Stranger In The Night